

Historical Society July 10, 1993

Transcribed by Marilyn Hunting August 2001

Arden: The description of a ferry is "a conveyance to transport people, goods, materials and etc. from one place to another by water."

Last crossing of the Platte River where Brigham Young and his contingent made a ferry. What they did when they came to the crossing of the Platte—it was real high in June, Brigham Young and 144 men, three women and two children and all their wagons and livestock and everything else, in order to get across the river without waiting for the water to go down, they constructed a ferry.

What they did was to hollow it out of logs and they went into the mountains and cut some hardwood cross pieces, probably mahogany for the cross pieces. Then they whipped-sawed cottonwood logs into planks for the planking on the deck. Now, they put an empty wagon on this and they had two oars and a rudder. They put the empty wagon on this and bring it across; the animals would have to swim. They had what they called a "revenue cutter." This was a boat they made out of frame work and they stretched hides over it, similar to a bull boat, and Brigham Young and his bunch had one of those. They took it with them all the way. They crossed some of the smaller streams with it also, with their commodities.

They would unload the wagons and put everything in this bull boat, then pull it across the river, then load it back on the wagons. They also used it for a butcher wagon and used it for a pulpit for their Sunday services. It was carried on a wagon box, it was quite a thing.

That was the first ferry and it was started, of course, in 1847. That was the first ferry in the Rocky Mountain area, anyway. It was a forerunner to all these others. They ran from 1847 to 1852 when the bulk of the migration of the Mormons ended, but they also hired it out to the Missourians that were going to Oregon and to people going to the gold rush in California. They charged \$1.50 a wagon; to bring a team and wagon across.

The original was too small. They were only able to cross twenty-three wagons in a full day's work. So Brigham Young sent some guys down the river to get bigger logs. They went down and got some twenty-three-foot logs and made a bigger ferry boat and started it; and it could take a team and wagon and the whole works right across.

They also, later on, in about '49 or '50, some of the other people, not Mormons, but some of the other people, constructed, I think, four more ferries. But still there were so many wagons and people coming west that they would have to wait, at least a week sometimes, to get across the river with all five ferries running. So you can imagine the multitude of people that came.

Brigham Young's group devised an idea on how to bring this boat across a little safer and a little better without the oars. What they did, they put a pulley on a tree on the bank and ran a rope through the pulley and out to the ferry. They would pull the ferry across the river by the saddle horn on a horse or by a work horse. They had a rope on the other end and took it back the other way. It was a little different around here. That was the forerunner of the ferries we had in this area.

Over in Brown's Park, Jarvie started a ferry in 1880. He ran it for a while, then at Bridgeport they built a bridge across the river and that put him out of business. Then pretty quick

the river came up and washed out the bridge and that put him back in the business. He was killed in 1909, when he was robbed. In 1910, Taylor built a ferry down below, farther down the river, and ran it for several years. He ran it think until 1912 or 1913.

The thing that happened there was, Dick's [DeJournette] dad, his brother-in-law and Bill Davis came by and there was no one at the ferry and they decided to go across themselves. They got out in the middle of the river on the ferry; they really didn't know how to handle it too well. They got to buckin' and dipping water and the brother-in-law got scared and dove off and dang near drowned. He was a good swimmer, but he started for one bank and then changed his mind and went toward the other bank and changed his mind and started back toward the other bank. Finally he got into shallow enough water that he could wade out. Ford [DeJournette] and the other guys stayed with it until they got within about twenty feet of the bank and then sank. They sank the ferry.

They felt so bad that they went to Taylor and bought the ferry from him and got it floating again and floated it down the river to about where the Utah - Colorado line cross the Green River in Brown's Park and started up the ferry there, themselves. He ran it for quite a few years.

They crossed lots and lots of livestock, sheep, cattle and people and everything else on those ferries in Brown's Park before they got the swinging bridge. 'Course as soon as they got that old swinging bridge, the ferry went out of business and Ford didn't like it along the river because he was losing sheep and everything to quicksand. So he moved on up higher on the mountain.

Jensen had quite a few ferries because people were congregated in this area, quite a little bit. This was a main thoroughfare, through here, from the east to the west, and when they got to Green River, they had to get across some way.

The old Burton Ferry. It was started by the Burton family (who were the predecessors to Troy), up by the Escalante Crossing or up by the Joe Haslem ranch. Now that crossing was an old Indian crossing before Escalante came in, and he went across there. I've crossed there by horseback. It really isn't that bad. The river is very wide and pretty stable. I've forded the river there on horseback without having to swim my horse.

Now these ferries, Brown's Park, Jensen, Ouray and Sand Wash, were taken across by cable. There was a pulley and cable that goes across the river and over. They would construct something out of cement or rock and then bury the cable with a "deadman." The cable wasn't too high off the water, high enough so the flood water wouldn't get it. Then they would have cables coming down to the front and to the back of the ferry. They would use windlasses to change the attitude of the ferry on the river. Now the ferry would convey itself across by itself.

What they would do, from the upstream side, they would tighten that cable from the main pulley, and turn the valve so the front would go upstream a little bit and the current would push that boat across the river. Don't ask me why, but it worked.

(Arden is demonstrating with pictures and things that he is describing)

Maube Ferry in Jensen was owned by Lars and Jens Jensen, who Jensen is named after. This one was a little more complex. It wasn't V-shaped like the other one. The principle was the same.

Lars Jensen didn't talk too good and they would holler across the river: "Come over and get us, can you come and get us and take us across?" And he'd say, "Well, maube we can and maube we can't." So they named it the Maube Ferry. This was down below Jensen, just where

Ashley Creek comes in. When the water was high they used the ferry; when the water was low they would ford the river. During the winter they would cross on the ice.

The Burton Family sold their ferry to a guy by the name of Skipsy Johnson. His name was George, they called him Skipsy. He only ran it two or three years, then he sold it to the Snow brothers and the Snow brothers owned the ferry for quite a while. Their brother-in-law was William Stewart, who was a relation of mine. William ran it for quite a few years, till his wife died; he and his son ran it. They moved it down where the bridge is now in Jensen. The Snow Brothers ran their ferry successfully until the ice took it over. We'll talk about that in a minute. Their ferry is a bigger ferry.

Now this part of the ferry is what they called an apron. When they would come onto the bank, they would have to have the bank about the right height and the water kept going up and down. Green River then isn't like it is now. We didn't have Flaming Gorge. That water would rise and fall maybe five or six feet in the night, so they would have to have different landings. But in order to take a conveyance, like a wagon or a team or anything, they had to have an apron. They would bring the boat onto the bank and snub it up real tight and then lay that apron out. Some of the aprons were hinged, some were just laying on the bank and they would throw them out on the ferry when they got there. They also used poles to push on the bottom of the river to help the ferry get around where it should go.

As the ferries got more modern, they got better sides on them and they were crossing livestock. They had to have pretty good sides. There were bigger boats now, a lot more modern, has real high rails on it, on the apron. See, they controlled the apron with cables, lift it up or let it down.

Newell Snow told these stories. He said there were always two rowboats on the ferry, if someone had to go across or if they got in trouble and had to get away. Too much ice, they didn't run a rowboat.

I don't know when it was, it had to be somewhere around 1903 or somewhere in there, anyway Dr. Fowlers was called to an oil rig on Powder Ridge—I don't know where Powder Ridge is; I know where Powder Wash is, but not Powder Ridge—to take care of Tom Taylor, who had several broken bones while shoeing his horse. When Dr. Fowlers returned to Vernal at the Bull crossing, one of the horses slipped and fell on the apron as he was loading him. The horses started to take off. Snow ran and grabbed the reins and stopped the horses, got them settled down. In the meantime, Dr. Fowlers was jumping down and taking his coat off. He was in his buggy. He says, "What'll I do? What'll I do? I can't swim!" Well, they had to settle him down.

One day he talked about was in 1908, when they went and gathered up all the Indians, rounded them up to bring them back to the reservation. There were soldiers and Indians and they used the Maube Ferry and they used the Jensen Ferry and I guess they used the Alhandra Ferry. I think the Alhandra was in by then. It was, because they started in 1905. They had a lot of Indians, a lot of soldiers, a lot people cross. They all camped on the other bank of the river and they would take them across. They had to keep the Indians under control, with the soldiers to get them back to Fort Duchesne. They were about a week crossing that, the Indians and soldiers.

1909, do any of you remember that winter? I don't. It was a very severe winter. In March we got our January thaw. The ice melted around the river and ran free. Have any of you seen an ice jam on the Green River? Boy, it can be something else. Big chunks of ice began coming down and it took out the ferry, took out the Alhandra Ferry and took out the Maube Ferry. It took the Snow Ferry down the river but they were able to pull it up into the mouth of Ashley Creek

and save it, but the rest of them went down with ice. That pretty well ended the ferry story in the Jensen area. In 1911, they built the bridge and ferry boats were not needed any longer.

That's an ice jam. Of course, you can see there is water out in the river, how are you going to get across? You can't ride your horse across there, you can't take a wagon across there. If you needed to get across and went out and got in a rowboat and rode across and did whatever you needed to do, you hoped that the river would freeze over or else you could come back and maybe [it would] be thawed out.

Do you all know where Alhandra is? Okay, do you know where Walker Hollow is, coming down from Red Wash, do you know where it hits Green River? That's Alhandra. They had quite a settlement there. They had a boarding house, a place to sleep and eat and a whole bunch of stuff, a weigh station there.

Alhandra would be down the river from Jensen about eight miles. The Haslem brothers would winter right there. As you are going on the new Bonanza road instead of turning down and going to Green River, right out here in Davis Ward, take a dirt road to the left, it will take you down and around and when you get down in there were the fences are, Alhandra was right up river from there. It's just above the Slaugh Ranch.

Low water time and low water usually hits somewhere the better part of July or August through September and October in there. They would ford the river and as you can see these are freight wagons that came across the river here at Alhandra, but you can see that river is fairly deep. They had to build there because the quicksand and also the river bottom of the Green River has the tendency to change. Sometimes it will be only to your horses' belly and the next day you go in there and you'll drop off in a hole and have to swim. I've had to swim several times. Anyway that's fording the river with the old freight wagons at Alhandra.

The reason the ferry was put in at Alhandra was, it was put in there by the Uintah Rail Company. What they did, it was a toll ferry. They had toll stations at Kennedy Flat and a toll station in some other place, I can't think of the name of it.

This was a big one, they've got two, a double team of horses and a stagecoach on there and tied on both ends and it had some super structure on it. It was a pretty fancy outfit. The reason it was is because the railroad company built it and they had lots of money. This freight road and stagecoach road and the mail went to Watson, Utah. (Donna's [his wife] sister worked out in the hotel there, her Dad freighted on this road for many years.)

The freight came out of Salt Lake and Denver over to Mack, Colorado, to be put on the Uintah Railroad and come over the top of the Book Cliffs on the Uintah Railroad to Watson, Utah. The freight lines would pick it up there and they would bring it in here, to Vernal, by freight wagons, and stage also ran the same way. If you wanted to go to Salt Lake, the fastest way to get there was to catch the stage out of here and go to Watson, go over the top of the mountain to Baxter Pass to Mack, get on the D&RG [Denver and Rio Grande] and go to Salt Lake. That's the way the bricks came in for the Bank of Vernal, on the U.S. mail. They came through Watson.

It has a real rich history. Thousands of sheep and lambs were shipped that way for years and years.

The Alhandra Ferry ran for many years. Eventually it was washed out with the ice jam. It went down the river and they were never able to recover it. Where did the name of Alhandra come from? No one knows, it doesn't seem to be Indian. The Alhandra crossing is where, I

hesitate to tell this story but I want to believe it's true. Dick will verify it's true. These outlaws had three mules and they were loaded with gold they got in a robbery and the posse was right on their tails. As they hit the river at Alhandra, they didn't have time to take the ferry so they just hit the water, went out in the river and those mules loaded down with gold drowned, they couldn't make it. The guys went on, but the mules went down in the river and that gold is somewhere in the river on those mules yet. They never did find them.

The Ouray Ferry. Leo Thorne is in the picture on the ferry. That was not a real good ferry at Ouray, but it got them by. The story Dick is referring to is: Hen Lee went down to the Ouray Ferry with a load of bucks when the ice was thin. Before the river froze up real hard, they had a channel for the ferry to go back and forth through and that's what they had at this time. When old Hen pulled on there, of course, the boat would tip, you know and the old truck rolled on there pretty hard and he stepped on the brakes and no brakes! He went right on off at the end of that ferry boat right into the water and when he come up, after he got out of the cab, he come up under the ice. He fought and fought and he said he could get a little bit of air between the water and the ice once in a while and finally he was able to work his way out, back upstream, and get into this channel and come up. His life was saved, but he lost most of the bucks. Had a heck of a time getting that truck out of there.

I remember that ferry. I rode on that ferry when I was a kid, after dad sold out down in Sand Wash, before they put the bridge in at Ouray. They ran that ferry until 1930. I was born in 1925, so I was about five years old, right after we moved up to Sand Wash. It was all wood. They didn't use a hollow log like Brigham Young.

This is taken at Tijuana. I couldn't get much information on the Tijuana ferry. It started in 1870 or somewhere in there. You can see the hinges on this paper here. [He is referring to the photo.] Do you know where Tijuana Flat is? This is about six miles down from Ouray; big river bottom in there, and it's called Tijuana Flat or Tijuana Bottoms. It's an Indian allotment. This is across the river, looking into the big bluff on the other side. It's just above where Willow Creek comes in, the next farm up. They used to have Fourth of July celebrations down there or they would have horse races and rodeos, concession stands and a real good time on the Fourth of July every year.

But Dad started the ferry there because of the close proximity to Ouray. It didn't really pan out that well, so they decided to move down to Sand Wash ferry. There was an interesting thing that happened to Dad while he was there. (Shows photo) This is the ferry coming acrossthe cliffs now, looking into the Tijuana Bottoms. I've heard Dad and Mother tell about it. Words of Sheriff Pope; it happened between him and Redman. I don't know if any of you know who Redman was or seen pictures of Redman. He was the last war chief of the White River Utes and he was a tough, mean, old son of a gun. When he was a young man, he run over in Nine Mile Country with his band of warriors. He used to steal Mother's beef and everything else, and Dad knew him when he was a young cowboy over there.

Well, he got older and he moved down here to Tijuana because Tijuana was an Indian allotment and he had him a little cabin there. He lived in this one room cabin. That cabin was still standing when I was a kid. There's a little bit of it left, but not much.

They used to cross lots of sheep there, lots of sheep every spring and every fall. He got the idea that those sheep coming across that Indian ground; they should pay him. So it was going to cost a cent a head to come across his ground. Peterson—Peterson Sheep Outfit—met him one time. That was a mistake. That led to this confrontation. I'll tell it to you in verse:

Now Redman was an Indian, a war chief of the Utes.
He and a band of warriors were really in cahoots;
They were over in Nine Mile Canyon and along the River Creek;
They were a fearsome looking bunch, bad as could be seen.

They lived on a ranchers' cattle and stole wherever they went.
They were fierce and they were savage and all seemed to be hell-bent.
Like one day on the mesa we're looking Nine Mile Rim
Redman ??? demanding beef of him.

Well, the years went by and the chief grew old and he lost his warrior band.
So he moved down on Green River to make his final stand.
He built a one-room shanty and he got real big and fat,
As he laid around his cabin on the Tijuana Flat.

Now nearby on the river bend was a river man named Hank,
Who ran his river ferryboat across from bank to bank,
Every spring and every fall, sheep herds crossed the float,
From summer range to winter range on Hank's old ferry boat.

Well Tijuana harbor was claimed as Indian land,
And Redman didn't cater to the crossings of these bands.
He told them it would cost them to trail across his ground,
One time Peterson paid to keep him settled down.

So the next spring when the sheepmen came,
To the river boat to cross; here came that danged ole Indian,
to show them who's the boss.
He rode a rank old pony that was just a little thing,
Now they were all wise to him and the news got a round,
And they all told him, Peterson will pay when he comes to cross your ground.

Well when Peterson's herd come by,
They told him like the rest and soon the sheep was all across.
They played the test.
Well, Redman got to thinking and knew that he'd been had.
And pretty soon that Indian got really fightin' mad.

He climbed upon his little pony and with a pistol in his hand,
Vowed to shoot the white man that trespasses on his land.
Well, the first one that he spotted was river boatman Hank,
And old Redman started cussin' the men on the river bank.

Then he started yellin' and in the broken Ute did say,

Peterson, Peterson, all the time Peterson, damned old Peterson, he no pay.
Then he started shootin' at the ground, all round Hank's feet,
Hank didn't know what else to do, so he gave a mighty leap,

And grabbed that old Indian and jerked him to the ground,
Redman, horse and all piled up in a mound.
Then Hank got the pistol, as he hit old Redman down,
And said, I think I'll just send you to the Happy Hunting Ground.

Well, Redman started beggin' and asked to be spared,
So Hank finally turned him lose, that Indian was scared
And he climbed upon his pony and headed for Ouray,
For the Utes was having a Bear Dance just six miles away.

Well Hank knew full well Chief's intent, exactly what he said,
So he saddled up a good fast horse and outran him to Ouray.
Hank could speak their language, he knew their native tongue,
So he called a tribal council and told what they'd done.

About that time Old Redman, his pony caked with dirt,
Came panting in with staggered step and whipped him with his quirt.
The council listened to him while he told how Hank was like a bear.
He took him down, both horse and all and gave him one big scare.

He said Hank had tried to kill him by using his own gun,
The only way he got away was to fight like heck and run.
Well, down to the rule of ? said he had to make amends,
Oh, he had to apologize, treat Hank as a friend.

At first he wouldn't do it, but finally when he did ,
He turned his back and held out his hand.

[The tape ends here without the final lines.]

Arden: Okay, so much for Tijuana. Okay, that's my dad, Hank, and that's down at Sand Wash. This is somewhere about 1920 or '21. He was putting a ferry boat in down there. [Referring to photo.] You can see those old rowboats they used, made out of planks. That's part of the deadman to guide the boat across the river.

Now let's talk about the construction of the boats. The old boats in Tijuana was not in too good of shape so they decided to build a new one. I don't know if you remember these guys or not, but I'll tell you who they are. That's Walt Sands, right there. Walt had a cancer on his lip and they cut part of his lip away, you can see that right there. That's from smoking Bull Durham cigarettes too short. This is Iola Sands, that Chuck's, wife, that's Alice, their daughter. Alice and Bob; Bobby wasn't born yet, I don't think. That's Dad. My wife said, "What's he doing with a fishing pole?" I said, "That's a brace and bit." Look at the length of that bit he was using. He did

that by hand. He didn't have to put that boat together. This is Chuck Sands, right here and that's Pearly Cooper, any of you remember, Pearly Cooper? There is a river bottom named after him just down below the ferry there, Cooper Bottoms.

Look what Pearly's got on his legs. See those? They are leather leggings. They used to wear them a lot. They would wear shoes and leather leggings to ride in. Keep the brush and limbs away. I can remember we had a couple of them in the hole down at the ranch and I used to put them on and play cowboy. I wish I had them now, they'd be priceless.

What they did, they built a bottom down here to float on, then there was a dead-air space between there. Then they'd built the deck. See the deck hasn't been put on yet. See the boards that run here, on that bottom? Now they'll nail a deck right on top of that, so there was an air space right in there. This curved up this way, in front of the boat, and this is where they fastened the apron on the front of the boat. Then, of course, they built it, they put in side rails so they could put boards on there and keep the livestock on. There is a picture of the boat after it's finished. See, those boat boards were pretty high, they were very buoyant.

These are the sheep coming down from the east side of the "Wrinkles" and are being brought in there in the spring to be crossed. They oft times sheared right there at Sand Wash. They sheared the sheep, sacked the wool and freighted it out on the freight wagons. They crossed the sheep and Dad charged three cents a head for sheep to go across, and they crossed them twice a year. When he started the ferry boat down there, he was crossing 45,000 head of sheep twice a year. They run lots of sheep in those days down there.

A lot of them wintered in the Wild Horse Basin country, out by Hill Creek, only down lower, down in that low country. They still run sheep in there now. But a lot of them wintered in there, then they would go across and go out into the mountain country, around Nine Mile, in there, the higher ranges. They would go south of Myton and cut down to the river.

I talked to Willis Stevens yesterday and he said before this ferry came, before Dad brought his ferry down, there was another ferry there, he was pretty sure. It was run by Charlie Brown. He was the one that Willis Stevens got his place from. Myron had a place there, too. Myron and Charlie came out of Nine Mile and ran that ferry in Sand Wash. Part of the old deadman and cable are still there. We're going to go down and look for it one of these days.

Anyway they would bring these sheep down and shear them—they had shearing corrals right there—then they would put them right on the ferry and take them across. They had a corral that would go right down to the ferry and take them across that way.

Here they are crossing bulls there. They didn't limit it to just sheep. They crossed bulls, they crossed vehicles. Dad charged \$1 for a wagon, \$1.50 for a car. Brigham Young charged them \$1.50 for a wagon back in 1847 and Dad was charging a \$1 for wagon in 1927. I don't know what happened to inflation.

I remember bringing those bulls. I believe they belonged to old Dick Taylor and his outfit. Those things were what we called range bulls. They weren't theses docile Herefords. A lot of those bulls were raised by McPherson down in Farm Creek. He sold them to a lot of the ranchers. Most of those bulls had these high horns. They were mean old bulls, I'll tell you, you stayed right away from them. They had a heck of a time getting them on the boat.

I remember mother and I climbing up in a tree. I was young, but I was scared to death. I climbed up in the tree with her and she had her camera and she took pictures while they were trying to load bulls on the boats. They finally wound up roping three or four of them and tying them down and dragging them on there. One time going across, one bull jumped over the rail and

went into the river and went down the river and they never did see him again. I guess he drowned. They were Herefords, called a range bulls. Boy, they were mean bulls if you got them excited.

I know, or at least I'm sure, that time when we had all the trouble, it was Dick's bulls that we were crossing. I don't if he was sending them to market or trading them with someone.

Unidentified woman: I'll have to tell you a story about when they were shipping their cattle one time. One of the old sheepherders asked if he could go back to Omaha, they said sure. So when they got to Omaha, 'course all the cattlemen went and bought them new Stetsons and new Levis and put them on. The sheepherder bought a new suit to put and when they got to the stock yards, here come all the dealers over to the sheepherder and wanted to know what he wanted done.

Arden: Dad sold the ferry at Sand Wash about 1930. Sold it to Paul or Chuck Sand and he sold it to a sheep outfit, it may have been the Peterson's, I'm not sure. Then they sold it to Ray Thompson. Ray Thompson used to live over at Myton. He had a cabin on the other side of the river, down right across from Kane Bottom. That was the first place I ever ate horse meat.

Dad and I ran cattle after we sold the ferry. Then we bought the ranch south of Ouray there. We ran cattle all up and down the river, nearly to Sand Wash. We took one, Dad and I. I was just a kid; seven or eight years old. We got down to Kane Bottom and Ray was over at his cabin and so he hollered, "Come on over and have something to eat." So we swam our horses across the river and went in there and he a big old mulligan stew made, big chunk of meat, boy, was it ever good. I ate that till I thought I'd bust. Then when we got through eating, he said, "Boy, you know what that meat was you was eatin'?" Dad said, "Yeah, I think I do." I said, "I don't know." He said, "Well, that was horse meat!" Ray, if he got hungry, he'd kill a wild horse and eat him up. He said horse meat was as good as anything else.

Ray ran the ferry until 1952. At the time he was running the ferry, the sheep had been reduced to about 25,000 head. I don't know what they run down there nowadays. Anyway, the Taylor Grazing Act had come in and cut them way back.

He got rid of this boat because it was getting wore out and he bought a metal boat. He was running this metal boat there and in the spring, high water came. No one was there when it happened, but apparently a tree hit a cable or something and broke the cable. The boat went down the river and lodged in a sandbar. We found it one day, pretty well covered with willows and stuff, but it is in that sandbar. They never did start it up again; they just quit using it.

So we graduated from the ferry boat, which was really something we had to have to get back and forth to travel in this western land, to the bridge.

Now, what kind of bridge is that? They are just building it. I remember when they built this. That's the bridge over White River. That's what they called the Swinging Bridge. There is one very similar to it at Brown's Park. The one at Brown's Park is pretty substantial. This thing here was made with cables, as you can see, and they went on here with a decking, tied the decking down with a cable. That decking would break or come lose and there would be holes in the bridge. But the biggest problem on this swinging bridge here was as you went across, it rolled ahead of you. If you notice, that one in Brown's Park will do it a little but not much. They've really got those cables really cinched down. This one would roll ahead of you and when you get over here, ready to go off, you'd be going up about like that. You had to have a pretty good outfit to get across there. If the boards got slick or if you put a bunch of cows across there

and they did their thing on it, it got slick and you wanted to stay completely off from it with your horse because he'd usually fall down.

I can remember one day, I don't even remember anything other than I was scared to death. Mother went out there to get some cows across and it got slick and her horse fell down on top of her and floundered around there and they had a heck of a time.

This rail here, this cable up here was the side rail and they ran netting, fish netting, down to the bottom of the bridge. That's all there was to keep you on the bridge. One day some guys come by and one of the old Indians from Ouray had started across there with his wagon and he cut clear over before he got started going steep, and his horses got in trouble, one of them fell down or something, and they got to floundering around and fell off the bridge and the wagon hooked on the railing and there his horses were, upside down, hanging off the bridge and he didn't know what to do.

Some guys come along and took an ax and chopped the double tree and let the horses on down into the river but they were still tied together with their harness and they were able to go down there and get them loose and finally get them out.

(Speaking about a photo.) This is where the White River goes into Green River, this flat right out in there is what we call White River Flat, which, if you go straight on over there, Ouray is right up there, on the Green River. There's that big old flat out in there between the two rivers, well, this bridge is about where we are located now.

End